

*W. W. D. Grulich*

# HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR AND VERSES WRITTEN IN THE TRENCHES



by

Captain A. AUDETTE, 22nd Battalion

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## The Dying Soldier Boy.

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Somewhere out in Flanders  
There is a lonely spot  
That will linger in our memory,  
For it cannot be forgot.

A soldier boy is lying,  
For that was where he diel,  
When the battle raged in fury  
At the turning of the tide.

The sturdy captain shouted  
Along the crowded line,  
Which one of you will volunteer  
To break the German line?  
Tho' the shells and shrapnel bursting,  
As they fell upon the ground,  
Tore the earth all up like ditches  
For miles and miles around.

One brave and young lieutenant stood up  
Without a thought of fear,  
Tho' the deadly bombs and bullets  
Fairly whistled past his ear.  
He volunteered the lead the men  
On that fatal day's patrol,  
To cut the German wires,  
Yet death rang through his soul.

Sealthily they crept away,  
For they could scarcely wait  
To reach the German trenches—  
That place of bitter hate.

They all reached there in safety  
And were coming back again  
When a mighty crash resounded,  
Like thunder through the rain.

Alas! that one stray bullet  
That pierced the soldier's side  
Caused the fatal death wound,  
And gallantly he died.  
Tho' he crept back to safety  
On his tired hands and knees,  
While the cruel requiem  
Sighed sadly through the breeze.

He lay wounded there and bleeding  
As the sun sank in the west,  
While he thought of home and mother  
And the girl he loved the best.  
So many, many thoughts  
Passed through that soldier's brain,  
As he lay alone there dying  
On the blood drenched battle plain.

At last his comrades found him,  
But they saw the end was near,  
How tenderly they watched him.  
This lad that knew no fear.  
And as he lay there suffering  
That night before he died,  
He said, Send this message to the girl,  
Who would have been my bride.

Dear Mary, I am dying,  
We will never meet again,  
I was wounded in the battle  
As it raged upon the plain.

Think kindly of he sometimes  
For I loved you from the start  
Good-bye, my own dear darling,  
Farewell, my true sweetheart.

Is there any other message  
Was what his comrade said,  
God bless you boys, he whispered,  
And the soldier boy fell dead.  
A look of calm sereness  
Passed o'er that fair young face,  
For he knew he'd done his duty  
In that awful shell-wrecked place.

They buried him at midnight,  
When the stars were shining bright,  
When the moon was softly beaming  
Through the shadows of the night.  
And nows he's sleeping peacefully  
Beneath the soft green turf,  
With daisies dotted on his grave  
Like whitecaps on the surf.

A picture of his sweetheart,  
Was placed upon his breast  
And a look of peace was on his face  
As they laid him down to rest.  
And if you looked more closely  
You might find lying there,  
A memento from his mother  
A lock of silver hair.

A wooden cross now marks the spot  
Where his remains were laid,  
Across the broad Atlantic  
'Neath Flanders' cedar shade.

Away from home and loved ones,  
He gave his noble life,  
To help his king and country  
Amid the awful strife.

He is sleeping in his glory  
Where he died that dreadful night,  
Beneath the dark blue heavens,  
By the moonbeam's misty light.  
Beside the tree he's lying,  
Down deep beneath the root,  
And for a shroud he's wearing  
A blood stained khaki suit.

The boys will remember  
That fatal day's patrol,  
When they cut the German wires  
And when death rang through their souls.  
And another thing they won't forget,  
Is the friend they loved the best  
As he lay alone there dying  
When the sun sank in the west.

A noble cause he died for  
A cause for good and right  
To overthrow the Prussian guards,  
He tried with all his might.  
Although at home beyond the sea,  
He'll never roam again  
We know he's glad he answered  
The call that came to men.

## A Broken Heart.

---

In a quiet little village  
That stood on yonder hill  
I lived for nearly forty wears  
Until the Germans came to kill.

Many weary hours I spent,  
With only my baby son  
Thinking of his father  
Who had gone to fight the Hun.

Twelve dreary months I've sat alone  
Watching the old log burn  
Picturing, as the ashes fell  
The day of his dad's return.

My boy was only three years' old,  
Quite a tiny little tot,  
He was worth the world of gold to me  
Both he and his little cot.

At night, when feeling lonely  
The cradle I would rock  
Until everything was silent  
But the ticking of the clock.

One morning I felt uneasy,  
My heart was feeling sore  
As I took a letter handed  
From the postman at the door.

For a moment I was full of thought,  
Whatever can this be?  
It is not my husband's writing  
The man so dear to me.

The letter, I then opened  
And trembled while I read  
He did in his duty nobly.  
My God, I'm told he's dead.

May Heaven bless you, wherever you may lie  
It almost drives me mad  
To think I have lost my dear beloved  
And my baby has lots its dad.

That very night at twelve o'clock  
I awoke with awful fright,  
With the roaring of the cannon  
And their flashes through the night.

Just then someone shouted  
And rattled at my door.  
Make haste in there and fly for your life.  
And then I heard no more.

In excitement I thundered down the stairs  
With my baby on my breast  
A shell came crashing through the roof  
And shattered baby's chest.

Half dressed and heart broken  
I ran across the way  
My baby meanted for half an hour  
Then quietly passed away.

From across the way I watched the flames  
Growing higher and higher  
It made me almost mad with rage  
To see my house on fire.

Then, along the road I stumbled  
A little to the west  
Stood a shell swept little churchyard  
And there I laid my babe to rest.

Into this world I am alone,  
I know not where to roam,  
Husband and baby taken from me [home].  
Through the Germans that yrecked my

Back to the ruins I went that night  
And searching through the wreck  
I found my baby's cot  
Which the Germans, they had wrecked.

Turning towards the window  
There, lying on the floor  
Was my darling's photograph  
In a dozen bits or more.

There is our arm chair  
I had for many years,  
On which I sat for many a night  
And shed so many tears.

There is mother's picture  
She left when I was small,  
Splintered with a shrapnel,  
With its face towards the wall.

Even the little stockings  
In pieces, everywhere.  
And the dainty little slippers  
That my baby used to wear.

I cannot stand this trouble  
The strain is far too much  
My heart is almost stopping  
As the table here I clutch.

Is there a God in Heaven?  
And will He hear me say  
Make those cruel Germans answer  
For what they've done day.

Farewell to loving Belgium  
I leave this world to-night,  
Slay those cruel Germans  
And may God defend the right!

## The Principal Dates in the Great War.

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1914

- Aug. 1.—Germany declares war on Russia.  
“ 3.—Germany declares war on France.  
“ 4.—Great Britain declares war on Germany.  
“ 20.—Germans occupy Brussels.  
“ 25.—Germans burn Louvain.
- Sept. 5.—Great Britain, France, Russia sign an agreement to make no separate peace.
- Oct. 14.—Allies occupied Ypres.
- Nov. 5.—Great Britain declares war on Turkey.  
“ 10.—German cruiser “Emden” destroyed at Coscos Is. by British.
- Dec. 14.—Recapture of Balgrude.  
“ First German air raid in England

1915

- Jan. 24.—British Naval Victory in North Sea, off Dgger bank.
- Feb. 18.—German submarine blockade of Great Britain begun.  
“ 19.—Anglo-French squadrons began attack on Dardanells.
- Apr. 17.—Second battle of Ypres, first German gas.  
“ Allies land in Gallipoli.
- May 2.—Russia defeated in battle of Dunagec.  
“ 7.—“Lusitania” sunk by a submarine.  
“ 23.—Italy declares war on Austria.
- June 2.—Italians cross the Isonzo.
- Aug. 4.—Germans capture Warsaw.

- " 19.—"Arabic" sunk by submarine.  
" 20.—Italy declares war on Turkey.  
Oct. 5.—Allies land at Salonica.  
" 12.—Nurse Caveil shot by Germans in Brussels.  
" 14.—Great Britain declares war on Bulgaria.  
Dec. 2.—Fall of Monastir and Austro-German conquest of Serbia complete.

1916

- Jan. 8.—Allies evacuate Gallipoli.  
Feb. 21.—Battle of Verdun begun.  
Mar. 10.—Germany declares war on Portugal.  
May 31—Naval battle of Jutland.  
June 2.—Third battle of Ypres begun.  
" 5.—Lord Kitchener drowned.  
July 1.—Battle of the Somme.  
Aug. 27.—Roumania enters war on the side of the Allies; Italy declares war on Germany.  
Sept. 15.—British capture Courcelette.  
Nov. French capture Monastir.

1917

- Feb. 3.—U. S. A. severs diplomatic relations with Germany.  
" British capture Kutelamara.  
Mar. 11.—British capture Bagdad.  
" 12.—Revolution in Russia; Czar abdicates.  
Apr. 6.—U. S. A. declares war on Germany.  
May 5.—French gain the Chemin des Dames.  
June 7.—British capture Messines ridge.  
" First American troops landed in France.  
" 29.—Greece enters war against Germany.  
July 23.—Russia retreats in Galicia.  
Aug. 19.—Italians begin drive on Isonzo line.  
Sept. 3.—Germans recapture Riga.

- Oct. 25.—Italians driven back from Isonzo line.  
Nov. 9.—Italians reach Piave line.  
" 20.—Gen. Byng attacks with tanks near Cambrai.  
Dec. 9.—Jerusalem captured by the British.  
" 22.—Bolsheviki begins peace negotiations with Central Powers.

1918

- Jan. 8.—Pres. Wilson announces fourteen points  
Mar. 21.—German drive on the Somme begun to separate British and French Armies.  
Apr. 5.—Japanese, American, French and British marines land at Vladivostok.  
" 14.—Gen. Foch appointed commander in chief of all allied armies.  
" 22.—British naval forces raid Zeebruge and Ostend blocking submarine harbors.  
May 9.—"Vindictive" sunk at Ostend.  
" 27.—German drive on the Aisne begun reaching the Marne.  
June 6.—Americans attack at Château Thierry.  
July 1.—Americans capture Vaux.  
" 16.—Tsar Nicholas reported murdered.  
" 18.—Foch begins counter offensive below the Marne.  
Aug. 2.—French recapture Soissons.  
" 4.—Allies cross the Vesle.  
" 15.—American troops reach Vladivostok.  
" 25.—British smash Hindenburg line.  
Sept. 22.—British defeat Turks; capture Nazareth.  
" 30.—Bulgaria surrenders.  
Oct. 1.—British take Damascus.  
" 17.—Belgians reach Ostend and Bruges, Lille taken, British in Douai.

- " 19.—Belgian coast won.
  - " 30.—French reach Danube; Germany asks Wilson for armistice.
  - " 25.—Italy begins counter offensive driving the Austrians from Piave.
  - " 26.—Gen. Allenby captures Aleppo.
  - " 28.—Austria asks for separate peace.
  - " 29.—Italians drive Austrians out of Piave line.
  - " 30.—Turkey surrenders and signs armistice.
- Nov. 2.—Americans rout Germans in the Argonne.
- " 3.—Austria surrenders and signs armistice; Serbians reenter Belgrade.
  - " 4.—Allied Supreme War Council agrees on terms of armistice to Germany.
  - " 6.—Germany breaks relations with Bolsheviki.
  - " 7.—Americans enter Sedan.
  - " 9.—Maubeuge, Hisson and Mézières captured by British and French.
  - " 11.—Canadians capture Mons.
  - " Armistice signed.

## **"White Star" Line Lost 10 Steamers In the War.**

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**T**EEN large steamships aggregating 180,379 gross tons were lost by the "White Star Line" during the war. Among them were the "Britannic", 48,155 gross tons, torpedoed in the Eagean sea in 1916, shortly after her completion, while in British government service as a hospital ship; "The Oceanic", 17,274 tons; "Justicia", 22,234 tons; "Arabic" 15801; "Laurentic", 14,892; "Cynric", 13,370 tons; "Africa", 11,999 tons; "Georgic", 10,077; "Cevic", 8,301; "Delphis", 8,278 tons.

Atlantic Transport Line lost 5 ships totalling 61,665 tons, (Red Star Line (1) ship the Southland, 11,899 tons.



## **What War Cost the U. S. A.**

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**I**T cost \$5,645,000,000 to run the American Army for one year; \$1,386,000,000 for the Navy; \$1,516,000,000 for Civil Government proper; \$862,000,000 for Shipping; \$181,000,000 for pensions. The public debt on June 30th, 1918, was \$12,396,000,000.

## No Man's Land.

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The rain will help — I'm not so thirsty now;  
How cool it falls upon by burning lips!  
Thirst is a frightful thing — I realize now  
It drives men mad, like scores of scourging whips.

The still cool dark is better than the light!  
The sun beats down so fiercely through the day,  
It seems to burn away my very sight—  
And shrivel me to nothing where I lay.

This "No Man's Land" is strange—a neutral ground  
Where friend and foe together come to sleep,  
Indifferent to the shaking hell of sound —  
To shell still searching for more grain to reap.

Kincaid died very well! Before he went  
He smiled a bit and said he hoped we'd won;  
And then he said he saw his home in Kent,  
And then lay staring at the staring sun.

That German over there was peaceful too,  
He looked a long, long time across their line,  
And then he tried to sing some song he knew  
And so passed on without another sign.

Well this won't do for me — I'd best get back,  
I'm just a little sleepy, I confess,  
But I must be in time, we may attack—  
The lads would miss me too at evening mess.

A moment more and then I'll make a start—  
I can't be shirking at a time like this,  
I'll just repeat — I know them all by heart —  
Some words of hers that ended in a kiss.

Why do I seem to feel her tender hand?  
To see her eyes with all their old time light?  
Is she beside me? ah, I understand—  
I think perhaps I'll sleep here through the night.

## The Battle of Courcelette.

September 15th, 1916.

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THIS brings to memory the men of the 5th Brigade who were in service at the Somme. And by the people of the whole Dominion should be remembered with pride, that day which saw the capture of Courcelette regarded as one of the most important engagements of the Canadians in this great war. Cpl. A. Audette of this city, a member of the 22nd Batt., took part along with many others. He has since returned to Canada, although a little lame none the worse for his great experience on that day last year.

He said Canada should be proud of the splendid work of her sons in taking Courcelette. On the morning of the fifteenth little did we think that scores of our boys would be sleeping their last sleep on the shell pit ground that night and many Canadian homes would be saddened. Some will tell you that the taking of Courcelette was a small affair. But let me tell you that when a brigade takes part it is no small action. Usually when being assisted by a couple of our monstrous Tanks we are sure up against the real thing, as crossing over thirty hundred yards of ground is no small

affair. You are bound to meet with some tough resistance and the gallant 5th Brigade met it too. Men were torn to pieces, some were running mad, some were shell shocked and some were gassed, others were going ahead doing their best. You can't imagine shell after shell falling and exploding among the advancing men. Recalling that day I shall always remember my friend Capt. Silvase who was with me in the support and who did many brave acts in caring for the wounded, and who was killed September 26, 1916. He was one of the coolest men I saw that day, when we lost seventeen out of the twenty-one.

By *Cpl. Audette.*

## **Indian Army had 1,161,789 Recruits.**

**A**RMY at outbreak of war was 239,561. During war 1,161,789 were recruited of whom 575,747 were combatants. Men sent overseas were 953,374; 33,031 were killed, or missing, or died of wounds; 59,296 were wounded; 9,092 were taken prisoners. The most of the casualties were suffered in Mesopotamia.

## **Strength of U. S. A. Navy.**

Personnel . . . . .	66,438
Dreadnoughts . . . . .	11
Pre-Dreadnoughts . . . . .	22
Cruisers Armoured . . . . .	10
Cruisers . . . . .	24
Destroyers . . . . .	62
Torpedo Boats . . . . .	13
Submarines . . . . .	47

These for the end of 1916.

## **709 Bombing Raids in 13 Months by British Airmen.**

**D**URING the 13 months preceding the armistice, 709 bombing raids were made by British aviators over German territory. There were 374 raids on large German towns, 209 on German airdromes established for the defence of military objectives. 52 large towns were bombarded during the period. In all 737 tons of bombs were dropped.

## How Four Canadian Soldiers Captured 103 Germans.

*"When the Candle Went Out."*

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A REMARKABLE incident of the Canadian advance was narrated to a correspondent by a Canadian Corporal.

With three other men he went down into the darkness of a German dug-out of large dimensions. There was a murmur of many voices from the pitch darkness of the far end. Arrived at the bottom of the steps, the flickering candle-light revealed a large ghostly looking cavern whose mysterious shadows seemed to stretch away into infinity. Then a murmurous clamour broke out from the far end, and the advancing glimmer of light showed a huddled crowd of Huns, all standing with hands well over their heads, and explaining that they were very poor men, who wished nobody any harm, least of all the brave Canadian soldiers. And then the candle went out and the subaltern yelled that if any man moved an inch, he would bomb them all to glory. The candle was relighted with some difficulty. But it was a ticklish situation. Every one of those Huns were armed though their hands were well up at that moment. In front of the lowest steps four hated Canadians stood in the light of a candle. The subaltern knew that the advance had surged well forward before this, so that no immediate help was to be looked for. He had to think quickly and

act with confidence, whatever he might feel. He did so. His orderly he sent to act as guard and director of operations at the entrance to the dug-out in the trench. Then in plain and emphatic English, he ordered the Huns to advance in threes and pile their arms, warning them that he would bomb the crowd if one of them made a mistake. By threes they were all marched up into daylight and by threes the orderly above stairs dispatched them to the rear to our own lines, with the simple warning that he was a dead shot.

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## The Candle Went Out.

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THE Kaiser particularly wanted his Bavarians to meet our trops just once. Well, a hundred of them met four — one badly wounded — in that dug-out and have survived to tell their friends in Germany what they think of the contemptible little army — some day.

# THE BLOODSHED AND THE TREASURE SPENT.

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	<i>Men in arms</i>	<i>Dead</i>	<i>Casualties</i>	<i>Cost in dollars</i>
United States . . . . .	3,764,700	52,169	235,117	\$35,000,000,000
Great Britain . . . . .	7,500,000	1,000,000	3,049,911	40,000,000,000
France . . . . .	6,000,000	1,100,000	4,000,000	28,000,000,000
Italy . . . . .	2,500,000	250,000	1,000,000	10,000,000,000
Russia . . . . .	14,000,000	3,500,000	5,000,000	25,000,000,000
Belgium . . . . .	350,000	50,000	300,000	5,000,000,000
Serbia . . . . .	300,000	150,000	200,000	4,000,000,000
Roumania . . . . .	600,000	200,000	300,000	3,000,000,000
Germany . . . . .	11,000,000	2,500,000	6,900,000	40,000,000,000
Austro-Hungary . . . . .	7,500,000	2,000,000	4,500,000	25,000,000,000
Turkey . . . . .	1,500,000	250,000	750,000	4,000,000,000
Bulgaria . . . . .	1,000,000	50,000	200,000	2,000,000,000

## Complimentary Dinner.

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*"Somewhere in France."*

Zero 7.00 pip enma. Be ready when barrage opens.  
EATS, ETC.

Lewis gun cocktail just for a starter:  
Cheer oh m'lads!

Hors-d'oeuvres, pip-squeaked on toast,  
rum jar sauce.

Mill's Bomb Soup (passed by Censor).  
Adjutant's Dressing.

### ANTI-GAS RELISHES.

Tomatoes, Cabbage (pickled to the ears).  
Celery, Nuns Alley Cakes.

Shell Dressing Mowatt Pickles.

(He'd get 'em anyhow)

Casualty Joints (marked for duty by the M. O.)  
Prime ribs de youthful oxen.

(Imported by Pringle & Co., Inc.)

Five Point Nine Spuds—au pip.  
Beaucoup Legumes.

(Swedish for "have another Bob")

Creame and boiled pomme de terre.  
Barbed Wire Peas.

Harrison Sweets (Trocadero Flavor).

Ammonia Capsule Merangue.  
(detonated with lemons.)

Fruits, Nuts, Smoke, Bombs, Toothpicks.

Libation: Coffee Noir, Tea the same way.

Wines, Water, Porter, drawn from the wood.  
More Water, Liquors, etc.

## The Battle of Courcelette.

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"Twas the fifteenth of September, and the day was  
fine and clear;  
And the village was quite peaceful as we drew quickly near;  
First came the Twenty-second A Co., then B of Twenty-five,  
And we opened up a fire and not many were left alive.  
The Fritzies who were holding that town of Courcelette  
Were soon killed off and what were left we treated to bayonet,  
And when our company got relief after fighting there all day  
There were few of those poor Fritzies left for them to scare away;  
And so we recovered back our land and raised the Union Jack.  
And went forward with our machine guns for we knew no turning back.  
  
For Canadians don't lose trenches not let Fritzies hold them long;  
For we always get the best of them by using our Mill's bomb.  
Back in the town of Albert we rested there awhile,  
Pride of our great victory was certain from our smile  
For once before at Ypres we bravely stood the test  
And once again we conquered and knew we'd done our best;  
On the twenty-seventh we got the word to back into the fray  
And we knew we'd have victory, and again we'd win the day.

And as we neared the town again, the shot and  
shell did fly,  
We pushed our way through shouting, "We'll win  
or else we'll die,"  
At eleven in the evening we sarted fro Pozieres Hill,  
"Forward" was the orders and those we had to fill,  
We advanced right up that morning to the very jaws  
of hell;  
And hundreds of our infantry and officers with  
them fell.  
We dug in our machine guns with our entrenching  
tools,  
And Getting into action we made the Fritzies run  
like fools.

We got into their trenches sage, we got in there  
to stay,  
We were all eager for the fight and snapped the  
Huns all days;  
We took nine hundred prisoners and marched them  
back to town.  
For we had our barbed wire big enough to hold  
10,000 down.  
So we got back that little town for which we dearly  
paid;  
And it took the French Canadian boys also the Fifth  
Brigade.  
And hundreds of our boys were buried beneath the  
soil of France,  
But like the rest of our brave boys went there to  
take their chance.

*Composed by*

Cpl. A. Audette, 22nd Batt.

## British Army Losses during War.

THE total amount in killed on all fronts was 658,665. Of these 37,386 were officers, 620,829 were men. British casualties including all the theatres of activities were 3,049,991. Of this number, officers killed, wounded or missing were 142,634, and the British wounded in the war was 2,032,122; the missing, including prisoners, were 359,145; of the wounded, 92,644 were officers, 1,930,478 were men. Of the missing and prisoners, 12,094 were officers, 347,051 were men. The figures given include troops from India and the dominions. In Egypt the losses were 58,000. 15,892 were killed or died of wounds (1,098 officers, 14,704 men); wounded, 380,733 (2,311 officers, 35762 men); the missing and prisoners were 3,888 (183 officers, 3,705 men). Losses on the Mesopotamian campaigns were nearly 100,000. The total was 97,579. The fatalities were 31,109, 1,340 officers and men; the wounded totalled 51,115 (2,429 officers, 48,686 men). Missing and prisoners were 15,335 (566 officers, 14,789 men). The total casualties were 2,719,652. 32,769 were killed and died of wounds or other causes, and 526,843 men the wounded were 1,833,345, 83,142 officers and 1,750,203 men. Missing and prisoners were 326,695 (10,846 officers, 315,849 men).

In Italy the British losses were 6,738. Of these 86 officers and 941 were killed, 334 officers, 4,612 men were wounded, 765 missing (38 officers, 727 men).

In East African campaign the losses were 178,225. Of these 9,104 were killed died comprising 380 officers, 8,724 men; 7,754 were wounded, comprising 478 officers, 7,276 men; the missing and prisoners were 967 comprising 35 officers, 929 men.

In other theatres the casualties were 3,297. Of this number 133 officers, 690 men were killed; 142 officers and 1,373 men were wounded; 51 officers and 908 men were missing or prisoners. There were 19,000 deaths from various cause among the troops not forming any part of the expeditionary forces.

## Hints to Guests.

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Walking out dress will be worn, minus caps, box respirators, etc.

Don't tip the waiters — they might break the glasses.

Barrack damages will be charged for any dishes broken. The M. O. will attend to any broken heads.

Entrenching tool handles are not to be used as toothpicks. Strict quietness is requested during Lieut. \_\_\_\_\_ address on "The Nutritive Value of Canned Beans for Canadian Troops." After his experience in Norman Trench, much interest will be evinced in Lieut. \_\_\_\_\_ address on "Cylindrical Sticks vs. the Mill's Bomb."

A vote will be taken upon "Bully Beef" as opposed to "Canned Chicken" as emergency rations.

O. C. "A" Co., for your information please. Tomatoes M. I. K. (more in kitchen).

Officers expecting to go on leave soon are advised to consult Lieut. \_\_\_\_\_ who is understood to be writing a book on "London's High Spots."

Ten minutes will be allotted Lieut. \_\_\_\_\_ for a talk on "Why Our Aeroplanes Don't Fall Down."

Parades August 28, 1917. The 8.30 parade is cancelled and there will be none until August 29, 1917. B. S. 999. Ha-ha-ha.

## The Battle of Courcelette.

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THE Second Division had not long to wait for action after reaching the Somme. The four Canadian division were given the line in front of Courcelette on the afternoon of September 15th 1916. An eastern Ontario Battalion (the censor has not yet given us their number) was given a sugar refinery in the outskirts of Courcelette as an objective for attack. They carried it with such facility that the divisional commander decided it was a good time to gather in the village. The 5th Brigade was in reserve two miles behind the line. At noon nothing was further from thought of officers and men than a sustained charge in the open against the enemy. But unexpectedly the opportunity came and every man was ready. The plan was for the entire brigade to advance a mile behind the sugar refinery, penetrate the village as far as possible and hold on. Counting on the French clan in attack, were the 22nd Battalion placed in front for the attack on the right half of the village; the 25th Battalion on the left. The 26th followed closely on the heels of the 22nd; and for this reason, it was pointed out, suffered more heavily from the shell fire of the enemy. The 24th Battalion was given a similar position in supporting the 25th. It was a day of record breaking. It was said afterward that the G. O. C. on the Somme declared that the Second Canadian Division that day had accomplished more than any other division since

the offensive was launched two months and a half before. The 5th Brigade was said to have been the first British Brigade since Mons to advance in the open under heavy shell fire, and obtain all their objective—a record which of course has been broken again and again since that time. As for the 26th they made a new record of capturing more prisoners that day than their entire strength in action. With wild cries and irresistible dash the 22nd Battalion, after crossing the mile, swept with artillery and rifle fire, met the German defenders hand to hand and broke through line after line of trenches. They were not to be withstood and dashed madly through the streets leaving many isolated parties of Germans in strongly fortified posts in the rear. Right through the village went the sons of the habitant, and not until they had reached concrete trenches far in the rear where they halted. Close behind came the men of the 26th. It was their duty to clear the cellars and take the last desperate Huns from the dug-out. It was desperate work, for these places were strongly fortified and some of the enemy fought to the last. Six hundred prisoners were gathered in.

*Cpl. A. Audette.*

## Charge of the Crumb Brigade.

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When the simple peasant wonders,  
When in peace its joy and love;  
Where the big guns roar in Flanders  
And the fire clouds break above—  
Where stands the hungry army  
From the Maple arrayed,  
They fight in countless numbers—  
The charge of the Crumb Brigade.

They bite and red blood rushes,  
For they fear no human foe  
With curses, groans and flashes  
And scratch but legions grow.  
It seems then an angry devil  
Those cursed hell fiends made,  
On our shirts and flesh they revel—  
The charge of the crumb Brigade.

In the hour of Britain's danger,  
We crossed the Atlantic foam,  
To fight the hostile stranger  
For freedom, love and home,  
We charge and the world rings glory  
The flower of the Germans fade—  
But in silence we tell the story  
Of the charge of the Crumb Brigade.

They tear, they bite, they plunder,  
We scratch, we curse and we moan  
Till our flesh is rent asunder  
And misery claims its own.

On the winds our curses floating  
While they bite on their fiendish raid,  
Till their stomachs are full and gloating  
With the charge of the Crumb Brigade.

There is joy and peace in Heaven,  
At least so the sages tell  
For the wicked and unforgiving  
They say there is war in hell.  
But when clouds of death have fell  
And the judgment seal is made,  
I would face the fire of the raging hell  
Than the charge of the Crumb Brigade.

*Composed in the Trenches*  
*by one of the Boys :: ::*





